

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

\$12.50

Film # 198: CASTING COUCH

\$6.00

SWEDISH EROTICA

FILM #198
PLUS...
FILM #197:
HOT TUB



ALL COLOR

The age of sexual deprivation for the timid male is over. No

longer must he languish in the corner at parties while bolder men carry off the fair ladies. No longer must he go through life largely unfucked. All he has to do these days is not run too fast when the predatory women chase him. The wheel has come full circle and women are once again the pursuers.

It was once like that in the past, according to vague rumors which have seeped down through history from those times before the written word, when humanity lived in a totally primitive state.

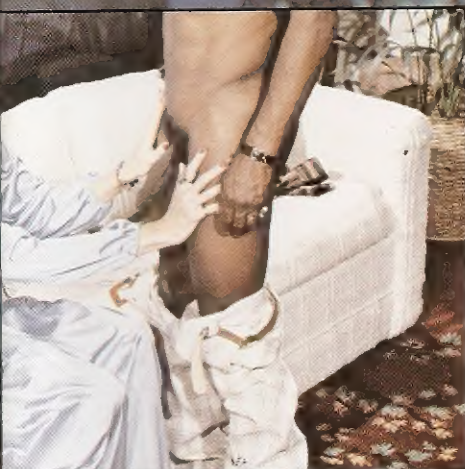
Women are the sexual aggressors more and more often these days. Freed from the threat of pregnancy except by choice, they are finally allowing their sexual needs — which are far greater than the males — to dominate their lives, and no man is safe against them. The she-wolves are on the prowl.

Personally, we love it. For the man who is horny, this is the age in which to live.

Victorianism is dead and passion rules. So lay back and enjoy it. Let the women come to you. ●



Film #198:



CASTING COUCH



CASTING COUCH

Aunt Peg had a problem. In one hand she held a contract for a new and spectacular fuck film, one which would be distributed nationally at a substantial profit for Peg — if she could get the film shot on schedule. In the other hand she held a letter from her usual leading man, the stud who

appeared regularly in her films, announcing that he had finally met the one true love of his life and was retiring from show business. He and his new gentleman friend were about to set up an interior decorating business in New York City. Exit leading man. Goodbye contract — unless she could find a replacement for him before the following morning. That was





**As Aunt Peg
undressed
Johnny, her
tongue trav-
eled over
every inch
of his body,
stopping to
lick his cock
thoroughly.**

when the cameras and the sound stage were rented for.

Aunt Peg was weeping the first genuine tears of her life when a knock sounded on the door to her apartment. Could it be her leading man returning to ask forgiveness?

Instead it was a big, black stud with a mean bulge in his

pants and a familiar face. She'd seen it in competitors' films. It was Johnny Keyes, star of fuck films galore and, as it developed, he was in town just to see her and beg a part in her next film. He'd seen her in action and he wanted some of that juicy quim, plus the cash that went with using it. In less time







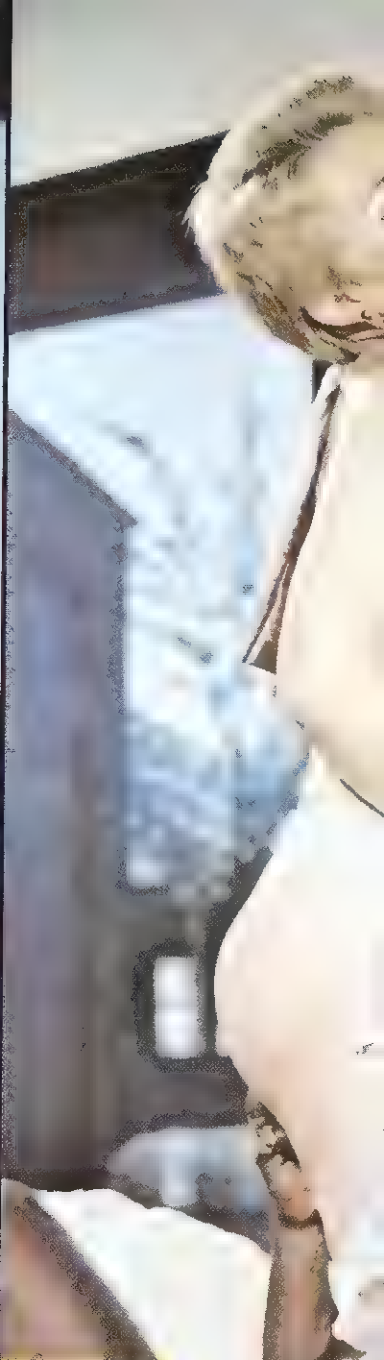


than it takes to tell, she and Johnny were trying each other out on the sofa, just to see if they would be compatible before the cameras.

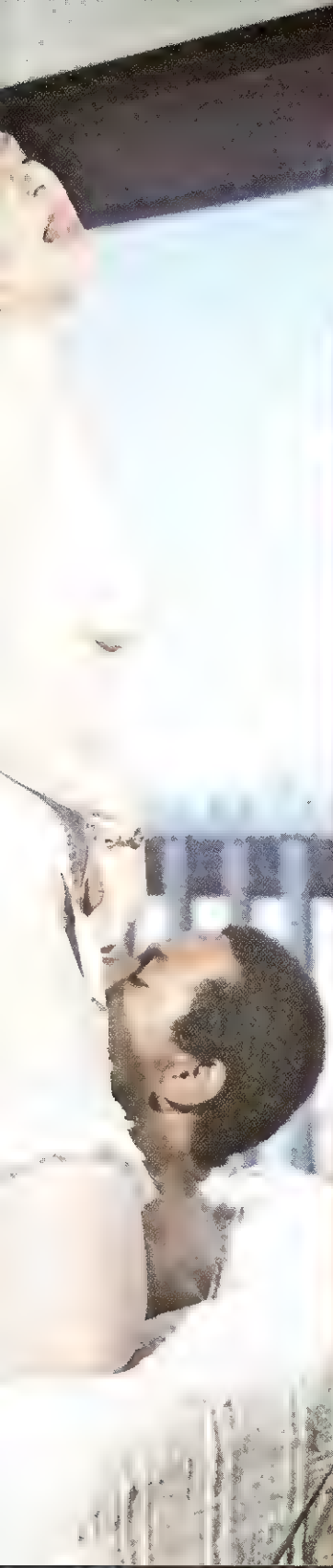
The matter was never really in doubt. Within moments after Johnny's arrival they were both stripped for action. Aunt Peg's working equipment was dripping with natural juices while Johnny's was iron hard and fully extended. Seconds







Aunt Peg rode his face like a bucking bronco, as Johnny's skilled tongue brought her to orgasm after magnificent orgasm.





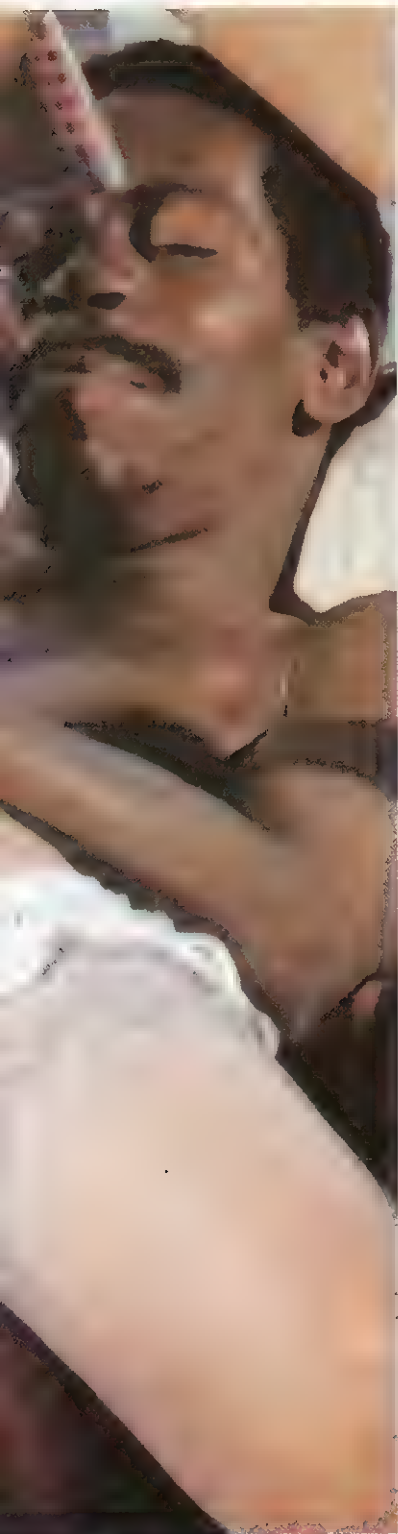


later she was working on his dong with her practiced lips, doing her best to make him shoot off as fast as possible. If he could hold back with Aunt Peg sucking on his

cock he could hold back for anyone. Aunt Peg was probably the most practiced cocksucker in the business and could draw cum from a broom handle.







In Johnny she met her match. Any other man would have shot his load in seconds, but after ten full minutes of Peg's best efforts Johnny was still grimly holding onto his load. His balls were aching and his cock was getting sore, but he withheld fire. Not until Aunt Peg's jaws were aching from the effort and her tongue felt as

though it would drop off did he relent. Then he let go with a rush and his thick juices filled her mouth to overflowing. It was a triple load by any other man's standards. Aunt Peg swallowed, licked the remainder from her lips, and smiled like a cat, asking if there were any more where that pitiful supply had come from.







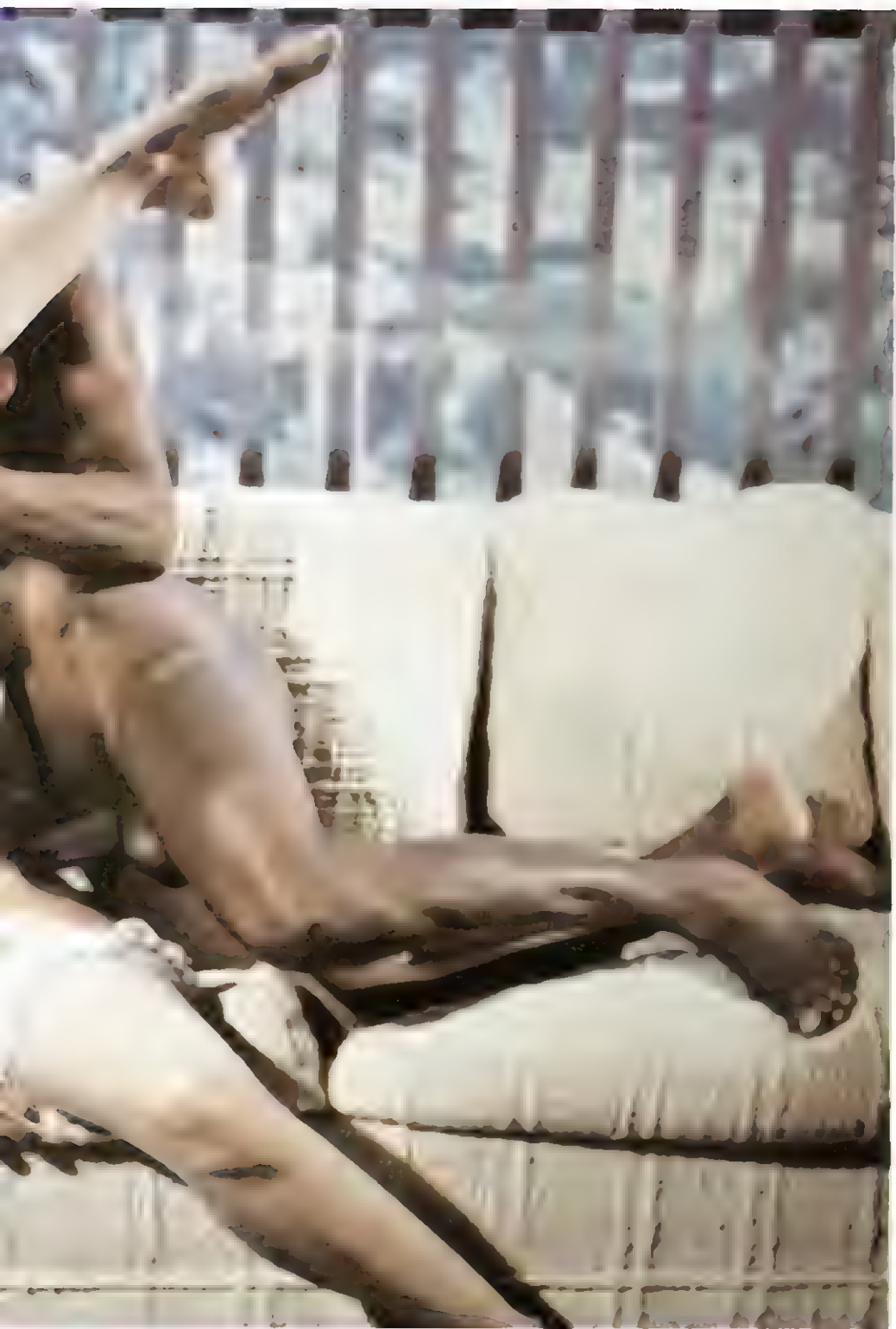
Now it was Johnny's turn to demonstrate his special skills, and he went at the job like a hungry tiger. He had Aunt Peg on her back in seconds and

then his tongue, that long and thick organ which had delved so many snatches, was boring its way deep into her pussy, probing for her clit.





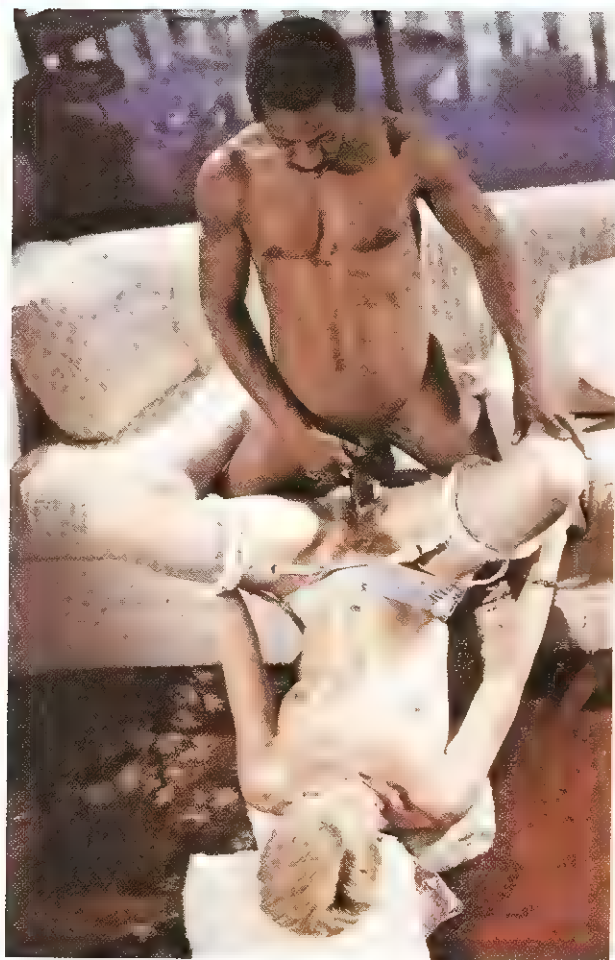






A photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate pose on a couch. The man is shirtless and has his back to the camera, leaning forward. The woman is wearing a black bikini top and is positioned behind him, with her arms around his neck and shoulders. They are sitting on a light-colored, tufted sofa. In the background, there is a window with vertical blinds. A yellow text box is overlaid in the upper right corner of the image.

**Johnny fucked
her from every
position possi-
ble, until he
thought his
back would
break in half
from the
effort.**



Aunt Peg was a pro, but she was also a woman. When tongue hits clit there can be only one consequence. Peg was gasping and writhing in her third straight orgasm before Johnny had even gotten warmed up. When he really got rolling with that expert tongue she shuddered and moaned into a continuous orgasm that stretched out for minutes on the clock. It was a subdued Peg who lay on

the sofa when Johnny climbed off and limbered up his big gun for the final test, his assault on her cunt with heavy artillery. It's how well a man fucks that determines his ratings in fuck films.

Aunt Peg had long since lost track of the number of cocks that had diddled her. There had been big ones and small ones. Cocks as thick as clubs and as skinny, almost, as needles.









But never had Aunt Peg encountered a cock more totally satisfying. It filled the deepest recesses of her snatch completely, expanded her to the possible limits. And when he began pumping it in and out she spasmed and shuddered and writhed and moaned like any virgin impaled on her first cock. Her nipples popped and her eyes rolled, and she came like a neophyte to fucking.

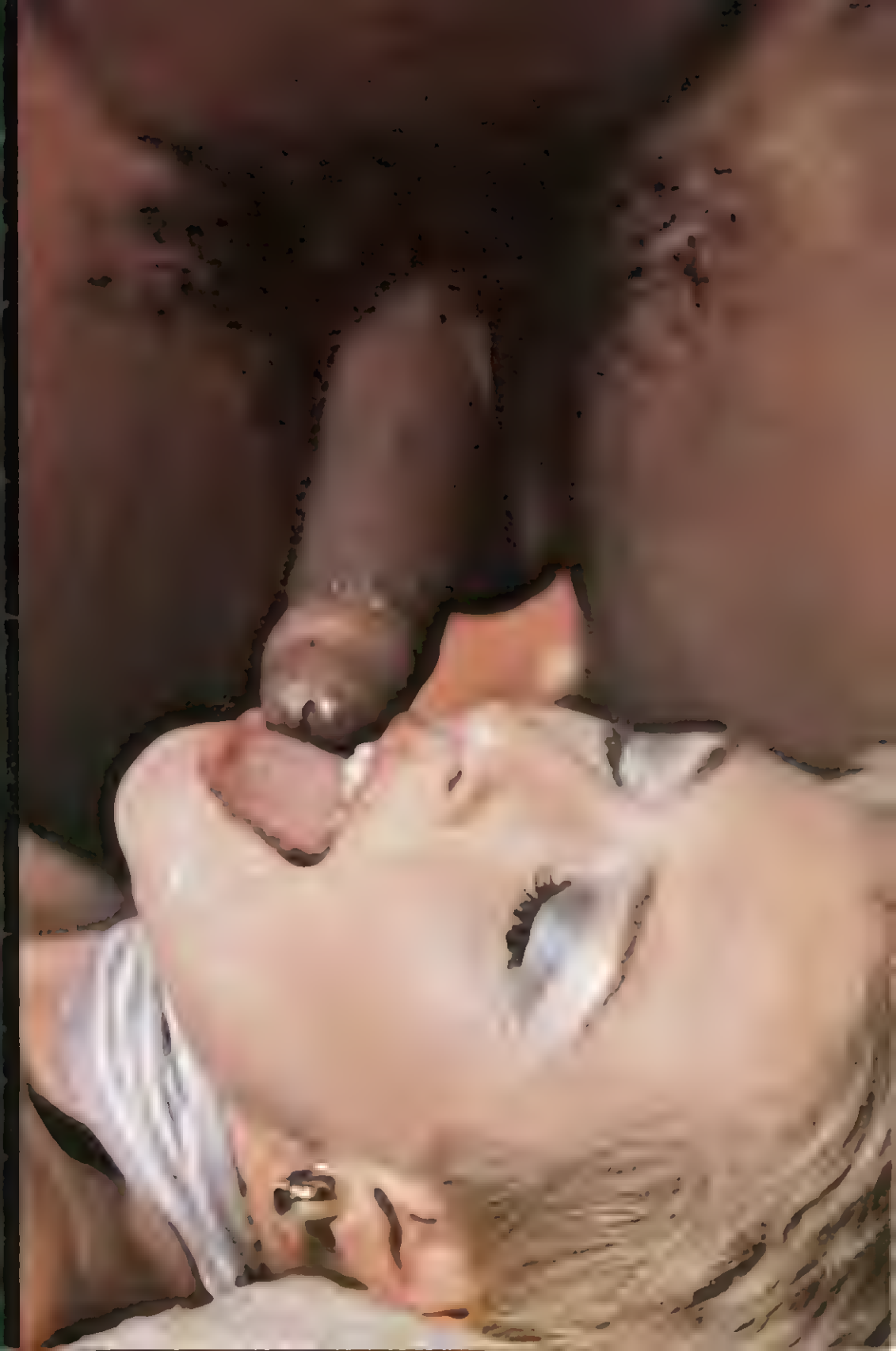
There was never any question, after that, about who she would use in the film. Johnny had the part if she had to make him do it at gunpoint. After all, it isn't every day that a working gal gets to hire the top cock as her working partner, and Aunt Peg firmly believed in mixing business with pleasure. ●

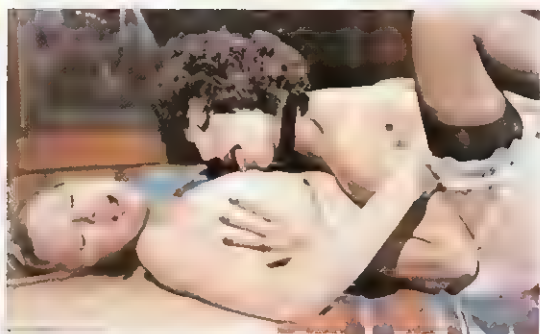






Like the good little
cocksucker she was,
Peg sucked his root
until every last
drop of cum had
been cleaned away.

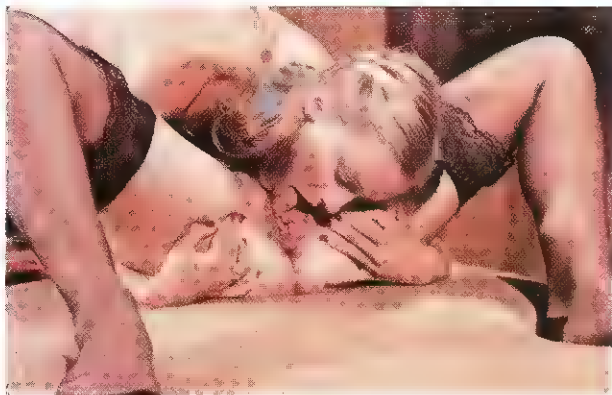






#197: HOT TUB





HOT TUB

Ann had been promising for weeks to set the orgy up for him. Sydelle was the woman he really wanted, but there was not a chance in the world that she'd put out for him unless Ann, or someone else, set the stage. Sydelle never put out solo. Orgies were the thing with her, but she had to have some sort of excuse before she really began to swing. Like letting herself get caught by surprise in an orgy situation. There were women like that. Ann would do the job only because Ben and she were old buddies and he'd arranged a few high-paying tricks for her in the past.

Both broads were in

the hot tub when Ben arrived, tuning each other up for what Sydelle thought was a lesbian session. Ann swung both ways, of course, but tonight she was really warming Sydelle up to receive Ben's hungry cock. That was the way the world worked, Ben knew, and there was no changing it. Next week Ben might be setting up some stud for Ann.

Anyhow, Ann and Sydelle had been busy at each other's bodies, massaging tits and rubbing clits. Judging by the expressions on both girls' faces, Ann had been so turned on by Sydelle that she'd even forgotten that Ben would be coming by. There was that vacant look on her heavenly face that said she'd

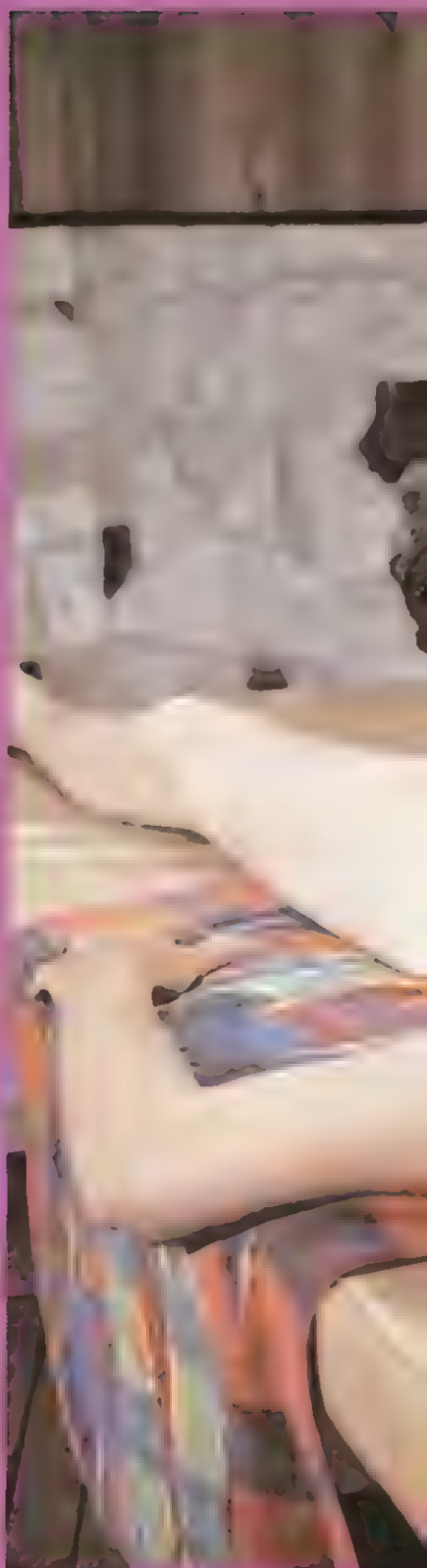


been through several orgasms at Sydelle's hands. As for Sydelle, she looked hot as a two dollar pistol, and as ready for action. Once Ann got her hands or mouth on another woman's cunt there was no way to stop the action short of an atomic bomb. Ben's cock was going to be that bomb or he'd bust his balls trying.

Ben walked in just as the two women were sixty nining each other, both lovely mouths covered with

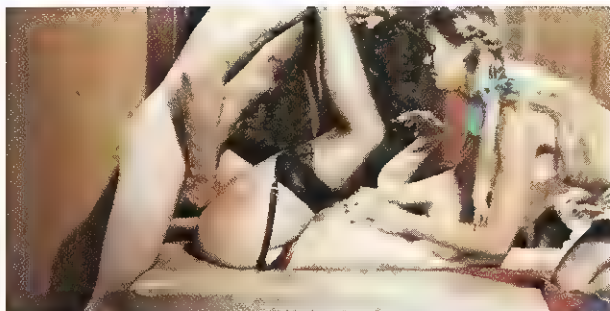
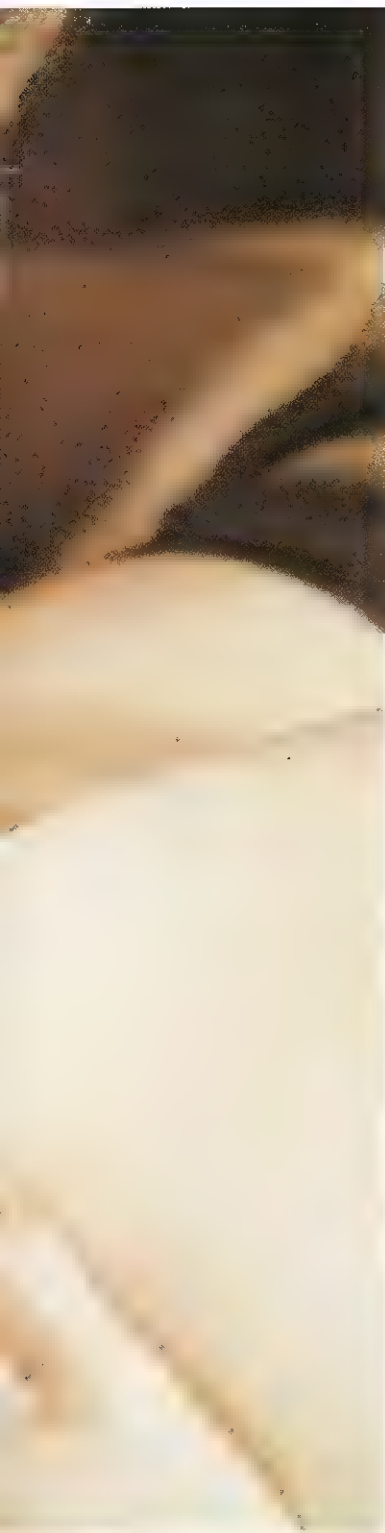
cunt juice. The sight had Ben's cock ready in seconds, and in less time than it takes to tell, he was stripped for action and ready to fuck. The question was where to begin. He'd come for Sydelle, sure, but there was something about Ann that always got his balls in an uproar.

The girls decided for him. They were on him like hungry panthers, groping his body, stroking his already hard cock. But it was Sydelle who connected







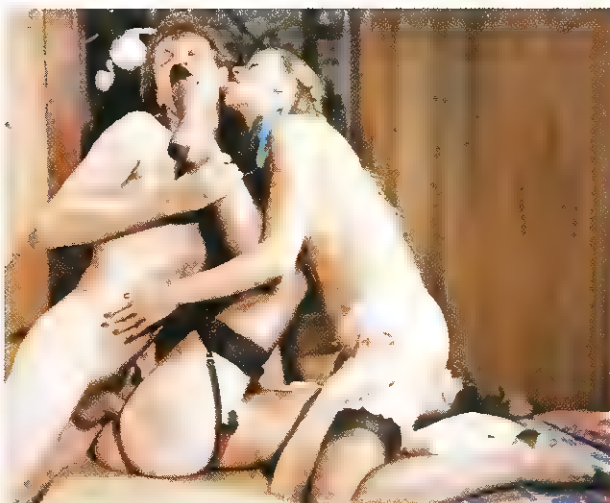


first. Right there in the tub. While they floated in the steaming water she wrapped her legs around Ben so that her pussy nuzzled at his cock. Ann, knowing when she had lost, guided his cock into her friend's cunt with her own fingers. After they were connected, Ann orchestrated the proceedings, stroking both their bodies in the most intimate places, while Ben slowly pumped cock in and out of Sydelle's cunt.

Her fingers played lightly with his asshole, taunting him. Her lips stroked Sydelle's tits,

then closed on one to suck strongly until Sydelle moaned her pleasure aloud, writhed in the ecstasy of exploding orgasms. Ben fucked slowly, then speeded his efforts. His body stiffened in the water. His balls drew up, contracted. Then he screamed in pleasure and fired a heavy load deep into Sydelle's cunt, right where he'd wanted it.

Ann grabbed his cock as it slipped from Sydelle's cunt and crammed it into her own gaping hole. She'd been waiting for the



Ann and her girlfriend chomped away on Ben's cock like sucking was going out of style.

opportunity since Ben and Sydelle had begun fucking, and managed to catch him before his cock could shrink back to limpness. What little stiffness he had lost was soon returned by the hot lining of Ann's cunt, which churned around his cock in muscular contractions. Ann had a cunt which





could almost give a man a blow job, so well had it been trained.

When the fucking was over and Ben had thoroughly lubricated the inside of Ann's cunt with his cock juice, both women went after his weapon with their mouths. The first one to get it hard again would get the next fuck. That was the rule among their orgy group, and everyone followed the rules.

Ben didn't give a shit what rules were being followed. All he knew was that he was getting the blow job of his life. Both women were absolute experts, and it was impossible to estimate which was better. There wasn't a professional in town who could have matched either of them, and the two together, working on one cock, were a feast for the gods. In his lucid moments, Ben knew that he owed Ann a great debt for arranging this session and would have to extend himself to pay it. Maybe he could find a football team of all virgins to turn her loose on.

Ben finished the women off with his mouth, taking care to show no favoritism. He licked each clit exactly like the other. Ben had a reputation to maintain, after all, and in the orgy game no favorites were allowed.●







Lovingly, Sydelle licked Ben's cum from her girlfriend's face, until there was nothing left to lick away.



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